

where is my novel?  
where is my hamsun's hunger? pan?  
where is my camus's stranger?  
my miller's assassin?  
my bulgakov's master and marguerita?  
my dostoevsky's gambler? tale of 10 years prisontime?  
where is my novel?  
am I to be forever immersed  
here in  
the intense poem?  
speaking of demons  
with long scraggly  
wadded hair  
blowing in  
this sick wind?

gagaku

I  
watch them dance

2 by 2  
holding arms

demons  
in black cloth

moving to this music  
as if it were a waltz

they dip and rise and glide  
in figure eights

the reverse  
of square dance

an evil folk motion  
they seem to enjoy themselves

perhaps I'm wrong  
maybe they're

saints